VOL. I.] LITERARY TABLET. [No. XXVI.

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For the LITERARY TABLET.

THE wonderful adaptation of the works of nature to ſubſerve the wants of man, and afford him entertainment and inſtruction, loudly proclaims the benevolence of the Creator.

In a mind, poſſeſſing a juſt reliſh for the objects which nature has placed around us, the verdant lawn, the ſhady grove, the variegated landſcape, the boundleſs ocean, the ſtarry heavens, muſt inſpire ideas the moſt pleaſing and ſublime. Thoſe ſtupendous piles, which riſe above the clouds, and ſeem to ſupport the heavens, far from diminiſhing the order and harmony of creation, add to its beauty, preſent to every beholder monuments of the great JEHOVAH's power, and are indiſpenſably neceſſary in the economy of nature. The flowret which ſprings beneath our feet, decorated with all the perfection of beauty, the majeſtic ſtreams, which interſperſe the face of nature, for whom do they exiſt ?—For man——

Of all created exiſtence, with which we are acquainted, man only is capable of enjoying that exalted happineſs, which ſprings from the contemplation of beauty and harmony. In him alone is implanted a taſte for the charms of nature. Happy muſt that man be, who can reliſh them with full delight.

Such a taſte is ſubſervient to the higheſt purpoſes. The cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts, the mind. It raiſes us to the love and admiration of that Being, who is the Author of nature. Atheiſm and irreligion ſhrink back from the heart, that poſſeſſes a lively reliſh for the ſcenes, which nature exhibits. But alas ! man's heart is depraved. He paſſes through life heedleſs of the beauties, which are laviſhed around him, and mindful only of thoſe purſuits, which give full ſcope to malignant paſſion. Avarice and ambition have full poſſeſſion of his ſoul. The one extinguiſhes every ſentiment of juſtice and benevolence, the other, every feeling of humanity.

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CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

[CONTINUED.]

ACCORDING to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c. a conviction of wilful poverty was puniſhed with the loſs of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only baniſhed. He calls them enemies of the ſtate, and pronounces, as a maxim, that, where there are great numbers of mendicants, fatal revolutions will happen ; for, as theſe people have nothing to loſe, they ſeize and plan opportunities to diſturb the public repoſe.

The ancient Romans, whoſe univerſal object was the public proſperity, were not indebted to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their cenſors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds.—Thoſe, who were condemned as incorrigible ſluggards, were ſent to the mines, or made to labor on the public edifices. The Romans of thoſe times, unlike the preſent race, did not conſider the *far niento* as a pleaſing occupation : they were convinced that their liberalities were ill-placed, in beſtowing them on ſuch men. The little republics of the *bees* and the *ants* were often held out as an example ; and the laſt, particularly, where Virgil ſays, that they have elected overſeers, who correct the ſluggards—

'.....Pars agmina cogunt
Caſtigant que moras.'

VIRGIL.

And, if we may truſt the narratives of our travellers, the *beavers* purſue this regulation more rigorouſly and exact, than even theſe induſtrious ſocieties. But their rigour, although but animals, is not ſo barbarous as that of the ancient Germans, who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickeſt mire of their marſhes, and left them to periſh by a kind of death that reſembled their

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus ſeverely to chaſtiſe idleneſs ; they were induced to it by a ſtrict equity ; and it would be doing them injuſtice to ſuppoſe, that it was thus they treated thoſe unfortunate poor, whoſe indigence was occaſioned by infirmities, by age, or unforeſeen calamities. They, perhaps, exceeded us in genuine humanity. Every family conſtantly aſſiſted its branches, to ſave them from being reduced to beggary, which, to them, appeared worſe than death. The magiſtrates protected thoſe, who were deſtitute of friends, or incapable of labor. When Ulyſſes was diſguiſed as a mendicant, and preſented himſelf to Eurymachus, this prince, obſerving him to be robuſt and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwiſe to leave him to his ill-fortune. When the Roman emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, beſtowed their largeſſes, the diſtributors were ordered to except thoſe from receiving a ſhare, whoſe bad conduct kept them in miſery ; for that it was better the lazy ſhould die with hunger, than be fed in idleneſs.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practiſe the duties of humanity, or that ſlavery ſerved as an efficacious corrective of idleneſs, it clearly appears, how little was the miſery, and how few the numbers, of their poor. This they did too, without having recourſe to hoſpitals.

At the eſtabliſhment of chriſtianity, when the apoſtles commanded a community of riches among their diſciples, the miſeries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not abſolutely live together, as we have ſeen religious orders, yet the rich continually ſupplied their diſtreſſed brethren : but matters greatly changed under Conſtantine. This prince, with the beſt intentions, publiſhed edicts in favor of thoſe chriſtians, who had been condemned, in the preceding reigns, to ſlavery, to the mines, the galleys, or priſons. The church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of theſe unhappy men, who bro't with them urgent wants, and corporeal infirmities. The chriſtian families formed then but a few : they could not ſatisfy theſe men. The magiſtrates protected them : they built ſpacious hoſpitals, under different titles, for the ſick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The emperors, and the moſt eminent perſonages, were ſeen in theſe hoſpitals, examining the patients. Sometimes they aſſiſted the helpleſs, and ſometimes dreſſed the wounded. This did ſo much honor to the new religion, that Julian the apoſtate introduced this cuſtom among the pagans. But the beſt things are ſeen continually

Thoſe retreats were found not ſufficient. Many ſlaves, proud of the liberty they had juſt recovered, looked on them as priſons, and, under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They diſplayed, with art, the ſcars of their former wounds, and expoſed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profeſſion in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profeſſion did not finiſh with them : men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious diſpoſition, gladly embraced it. It ſpread ſo wide, that the ſucceeding emperors were obliged to inſtitute new laws ; and it was permitted to individuals to ſeize on theſe mendicants, for their ſlaves and perpetual vaſſals ; a powerful preſervative againſt this diſorder. It is obſerved in almoſt every part of the world but ours ; and it is thus that no where they ſo abound with beggars. China preſents us with a noble example. No beggars are ſeen loitering in their country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame. Thoſe who are incapable of labor, live at the public expenſe. What is done there, may alſo be performed here. Then, inſtead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty, as pernicious to the police as to mortality, we ſhould ſee the poverty of the earlier ages, humble, modeſt, frugal, robuſt, induſtrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realized : poverty may be em-

braced by the god of riches ; and, if ſhe did not produce the voluptuous offſpring of love, ſhe would become the fertile mother of agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the fine arts, and of all kinds of manufactures.

FUNERAL ORATION,

Delivered extempore, by the Hon. Governeur Morris, *at the interment of General* Alexander Hamilton.

Fellow-Citizens,

IF on this ſad, this ſolemn occaſion, I ſhould endeavor to move your commiſeration, it would be doing injuſtice to that ſenſibility which has been ſo generally and ſo juſtly manifeſted. Far from attempting to excite your emotions I muſt try to repreſs my own, and yet I fear that inſtead of the language of a public ſpeaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a bewailing friend. But I will ſtruggle with my burſting heart, to pourtray that Heroic Spirit, which has flown to the manſions of bliſs.

Students of Columbia—he was in the ardent purſuit of knowledge in your academic ſhades, when the firſt ſound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, ſuch was his zeal and ſo brilliant his ſervice that we heard his name before we knew his perſon. It ſeemed as if God had called him ſuddenly into exiſtence, that he might aſſiſt to ſave a world !

The penetrating eye of Waſhington ſoon perceived the manly ſpirit which animated his youthful boſom. By that excellent judge of men he was ſelected as an Aid, and thus he became early acquainted with and was principal actor in the moſt important ſcenes of our Revolution.

At the ſiege of York, he pertinaciouſly inſiſted—and he obtained the command of a Forlorn Hope. He ſtormed the redoubt ; but let it be recorded that not one ſingle man of the enemy periſhed. His gallant troops emulating the heroiſm of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and ſpared a foe no longer reſiſting. Here cloſed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favor——no, your diſcernment called him to public office. You ſent him to the convention at Philadelphia : he there aſſiſted in forming that conſtitution which is now the bond of our union, the ſhield of our defence and the ſource of our proſperity. In ſigning that compact he expreſt his apprehenſion that it did not contain ſufficient means of ſtrength for its own preſervation ; and that in conſequence we ſhould ſhare the fate of many other republics and paſs through Anarchy to Deſpotiſm. We hoped better things. We confided in the good ſenſe of the American people ; and above all we truſted in the protecting Providence of the Almighty. On this important ſubject he never concealed his opinion. He diſdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, expoſing to every paſſenger its inmoſt receſſes. This generous indiſcretion ſubjected him to cenſure from miſrepreſentation. His ſpeculative opinions were treated as deliberate deſigns ; and yet you all know how ſtrenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to eſtabliſh and to preſerve the conſtitution. If, then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, oh ! pardon that ſingle error, in a life devoted to your ſervice.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without reſources. To call them into action, and eſtabliſh order in the finances, Waſhington ſought for ſplendid talents, for extenſive information, and, above all, he ſought for ſterling, incorruptible integrity—All theſe he found in Hamilton.—The ſyſtem then adopted has been the ſubject of much animadverſion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect—Recollect the circumſtances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and above all, remember that *the miniſter of a republic muſt bend to the will of the people*——The adminiſtration which Waſhington formed, was one of the moſt efficient, one of the beſt that any country was ever bleſt with. And the reſult was a rapid advance in power and proſperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is univerſally known.

His unſuſpecting confidence in profeſſions which he believed to be ſincere, led him to truſt too much to the undeſerving. This expoſed him to miſrepreſentation — He felt himſelf obliged to reſign. The care of a riſing family, and the narrowneſs of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profeſſion for their ſupport. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public ſervice. He never loſt ſight of your intereſts——I declare to you, before that God in whoſe preſence we are now ſo eſpecially aſſembled, that in his moſt private and confidential converſations, the ſingle objects of diſcuſſion and conſideration were your freedom and happineſs.

You well remember the ſtate of things which again called forth Waſhington from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he aſked for Hamilton to be his Second in command. That venerable ſage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profeſſion, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its ſource. It was probable that he would ſoon be removed from the ſcene and that his Second would ſucceed to the command. He knew, by experience, the importance of that place—and he thought the ſword of America might ſafely be confided to the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. O ! my fellow-citizens, remember this ſolemn teſtimonial that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition ; and wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his ſoul, that he never would accept of any office, unleſs in a foreign war he ſhould be called on to expoſe his life in defence of his country.—This determination was immoveable. It was his fault that his opinions and his reſolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpoſe, he was indignant at the charge that he fought for place or power. He was ambitious only of glory, but he was deeply ſolicitous for you. For himſelf he feared nothing, but he feared that bad men might, by falſe profeſſions, acquire your confidence and abuſe it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—There lies our chief ! Let him ſtill be our model.—Like him, after long and faithful public ſervice, let us cheerfully perform the ſocial duties of private life. Oh ! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence ; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the Bar—You have loſt your brighteſt ornament. Cheriſh and imitate his example. While, like him, with juſtifiable, with laudable zeal, you purſue the intereſts of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principles of juſtice.

Fellow-Citizens—You have long witneſſed his profeſſional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a Citizen —you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the ſacrifice of his own judgment. You have ſeen him contending againſt you, and ſaving your deareſt intereſts, as it were, in ſpite of yourſelves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits reſulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this teſtimony to the memory of my departed friend. I CHARGE YOU TO PROTECT HIS FAME——It is all he has left—all that theſe poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that Fame may be a rich treaſure to you alſo. Let it be the teſt by which to examine thoſe who ſolicit your favor. Diſregarding profeſſions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occaſion, aſk, *Would Hamilton have done this thing ?*

You all know how he periſhed. On this laſt ſcene, I cannot, I muſt not dwell.—It might excite emotions too ſtrong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the inſulted majeſty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, tho' with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more,—let me entreat you to reſpect yourſelves.

And now ye miniſters of the everlaſting God, perform your holy office and commit theſe aſhes of our departed brother to the boſom of the Grave !

BIOGRAPHY.

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Life of Mrs. Rowe.

Mrs. Rowe was born to parents who knew to diſtinguiſh, and who poſſeſſed both power and inclination, to furniſh her fine Genius with every aid requiſite to the perfecting its powers. She was tenderly foſtered in the faireſt receſſes of literature, and when, in the full maturity of excellence, ſhe became the ſubject of obſervation, her uncommon worth obtained for her, all thoſe diſtinctions, which ſhe moſt indiſputably merited; and, beloved by all who approached her, ſhe paſſed forward, the object of univerſal admiration. Her form was beautifully elegant, and her ſtrong mind, the abode of Genius, and of Virtue, was eminently adorned by all thoſe graces, that are calculated to beſtow upon ſociety the moſt alluring, and brighteſt poliſh.

Mr. Prior, well known in the literary world, and the celebrated Doctor Watts, equally ſenſible of the charms both of her wit and perſon, were among thoſe who tendering her the ſincereſt homage, preſented themſelves as candidates for the honor of her hand—but in Mr. Rowe ſhe hailed her congenial ſoul. Report, although rarely juſt to matchleſs worth, had, in this inſtance, borne tidings of the ſplendid reputation, poſſeſſed by Miſs Singer, to the ear of this young gentleman, and he eagerly ſought an opportunity of beholding her. An aſſemblage of Virtues, and of Graces, ſeldom fail of producing an effect proportioned to their powers, and Mr. Rowe's firſt interview with Miſs Singer, meliorated the ſtrong predilection which had previouſly triumphed in his boſom, into the tendereſt paſſion. In delineating the Sovereign Lady of his election, he thus expreſſes himſelf:

"Youth's livelieſt bloom, a never fading grace,
"And more than beauty ſparkles in her face;
"Yet the bright form creates no looſe deſires,
"At once ſhe gives and purifies our fires,
"And paſſions chaſte as her own ſoul inſpires;
"Her ſoul, heaven's nobleſt workmanſhip, deſign'd
"To bleſs the ruined age & ſuccour loſt mankind;
"To prop abandoned Virtue's ſinking cauſe,
"And ſnatch from Vice its unreſerved applauſe."

Mr. Rowe was formed to make happy the ſubject of his verſe: Moral, and religious ſanctions completed their union: their minds ſeemed to be caſt in one mould, and their felicity was highly wrought. Mutually ſuſceptible of the moſt refined pleaſures, equally enamoured of the beauties of literature, and poſſeſſing equal claims to immortal fame, perhaps the annals of wedded life cannot produce a brighter example of conjugal happineſs. No root of bitterneſs deformed the paradiſe in which they rationally, and gratefully cultivated the virtues, the loves and the graces; the ſerpent Envy, could find no entrance into their terreſtrial Eden, and the corroding breath of diſſention ſhed no untimely mildews to blight their joys.

Many revolving months after the hour which had regiſtered their plighted vows, Mr. Rowe affectionately addreſſed his "Philomela" in the following reſpectfully tender, and truly appropriate language.

"Long may thy inſpiring page,
"And great example bleſs the riſing age!
"Long in thy charming priſon may'ſt thou ſtay,
"Late, very late, aſcend the well known way,
"And add new glories to the realms of day!
"At leaſt heaven will not ſure this prayer deny,
"Short be my life's uncertain date,
"And earlier far than thine, the deſtined hour of fate!
"When e'er it comes may'ſt thou be by,
"Support my ſinking frame and teach me how to die,
"Baniſh deſponding nature's gloom,
"Make me to hope a gentle doom,
"And fix me all on joys to come!
"With ſwimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms
"And claſp thee dying in my fainting arms:
"Then gently leaning on thy breaſt,
"Sink in ſoft ſlumbers to eternal reſt,
"The ghaſtly form ſhall wear a pleaſing air
"And all things ſmile, if heaven, & thou art there."

The Angel of death was ſpeedily commiſſioned to execute the fatal mandate! alas! alas! continued bliſs is not the heritage of the preſent probationary ſtate of being—but there is another and a better world, where we have the conſolation to expect permanent felicity. The prominent misfortune of Mrs. Rowe's life, was the early termination of her wedded amity. Five years only was ſhe permitted to the indulgence of thoſe refined, and ſacred pleaſures, which are the offſpring of a judicious, ſentimental and happy union: and the ſorrows of her heart, while bending over the grave of her huſband, were a juſt tribute to thoſe virtues ſhe delighted to cheriſh, and which ſtill exiſted in her own lacerated mind. Her deportment upon this fatal cataſtrophe, exhibited all the decent propriety of grief, all the majeſty of woe—The luxury of tears, the ſadly thrilling anguiſh, and impreſſive ſweets of melancholy, theſe were all her own—Condemned thus, at the age of twenty-eight, to mourn the exit of him who commanded the entire approbation of her reaſon, and who poſſeſſed every tender emotion of her ſoul—to ſee him cut off in the bloom of life by a lingering and cruel diſorder, ſhe yet ſuffered no impious murmuring to eſcape her lips, but bowing ſubmiſſive to the Omnipotent diſpoſer of events, ſhe prepared herſelf to evince by the regularity of her conduct, her ſtrong baſed and undiminiſhed attachment to the deceaſed—and ſhe continued through the remainder of a long life, a virtuous monument of ſteady affection. She was often ſolicited to enter into new, and unexceptionable engagements, but ſtill wedded to the memory of him, who was her boſom's lord, ſhe reſolutely, and uniformly declined the moſt flattering propoſals of marriage, and ſhe exemplified in every inſtance, a delicacy, and propriety of thinking and of acting.—Slander preſumed not to glance even obliquely at her character, nor to a name ſo irreproachable, could the ſmalleſt degree of cenſure ever attach.—Happy, exemplary Woman—juſtly art thou pronounced a fit model, for thy ſex. Mrs. Rowe was naturally munificent, and to the ſuffering ſons and daughters of humanity ſhe was divinely compaſſionate.—Poſſeſſing both the power and inclination, ſhe ſought out the children of adverſity, and her benefactions were ever proportioned to their neceſſities. She poſſeſſed an early and ardent attachment to the pleaſures of Religion, and, a conſiſtent obſerver of the ſyſtem of her election, ſhe appealed to the ſearcher of all hearts, as a Voucher for the rectitude of her life. She continued, from the demiſe of Mr. Rowe, a Recluſe, and exhibiting in her retirement an example of becoming reſignation, ſhe was never allured thence, but in compliance with the calls of friendſhip, to which ſhe continued to render the moſt uniform homage. And thus advancing in her blameleſs, her meritorious and dignified career, having at length numbered very many ſucceeding years, ſhe ſupplicated heaven to grant her, when her death warrant ſhould be iſſued, an inſtantaneous paſſage to the world of ſpirits; and the recording Angel regiſtering her prayer, the eye of parental Deity beamed an aſſenting glance—The emancipating commiſſion obtained the fiat of the Almighty, and upon the evening of a ſerene day, the hours of which ſhe had appropriated to the duties of friendſhip, in the moment of her retiring to her chamber, ſhe was ſummoned to the manſions of bliſs.

One of her Panegyriſts thus feelingly expreſſes himſelf:

"Bleſt in thy life and Genius! bleſt in death!
"Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath;
"The ſtroke unfelt and ſpar'd the painful ſtrife,
"Of nature ſtruggling e'er ſhe parts with life;
"One hour in blooming health, the next the ſkies,
"Receives the ſaint where ſpirit never dies,
"Thy Gracious God thus heard thy favor'd vows,
"And crown'd thy virtue with the death thou choſe." [*Boſt. Weekly Mag.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Proprietor, contemplating an enlargement of the Tablet, *deems it proper to cloſe the firſt volume with the preſent number. A title page and table of contents ſhall be preſented with the firſt number of the ſecond volume.—The publication will be ſuſpended until the 19th of September next, that proper arrangements may be made.*

Correſpondents are entitled to the Editor's ſincere acknowledgments for their liberality. Their *uſeful labors it is hoped will not ceaſe, with his reſigning the care of the* Tablet *to the Editor of the ſecond volume.—J's communication came too late to be inſerted in this number. It will doubtleſs receive the attention it merits.*

N. B. Papers will be forwarded to the preſent patrons, unleſs information is given to the contrary.——☞ *Thoſe indebted for the firſt volume are requeſted to make payment.*

The following is the production of a reſpectable Clergyman of our country, occaſioned by an Earthquake, which happened at Sicily, in 1785. Written in alluſion to the downfall of Popery, and the univerſal ſpread of the goſpel.

SEE where bright Heſper crowns the roſy dawnings,
'Mid num'rous myriads, rob'd in heav'nly ſplendor,
Gazing on Europe, while the hand of vengeance
Plagues the rebellious!

How the ſweet anthems cheer the hoſt of heaven!
Glory and bleſſing, wiſdom, pow'r immortal,
Shout the bright ſeraphs, in melodious thunder,
Riſing to JESUS.

Hark, the fierce outcries of infernal legions,
Belching new horrors thro' wide yawning Ætna!
Sicily trembles—and the frighted iſlands
Shrink to the center!

Say, my Urania, why celeſtial muſic—
Why Styrgian curſes reach the ear of mortals?
Why earth proves monſter, and ſhrinking thouſands
Croud her deep caverns?

Sing thou great Heaven, ye infernals tremble!
Shrink lofty mountains! Zion's God approaches,
Cruſhing proud Babel, while the jubilee ſounds
Thro' the glad nations.

See the weight poiſing on the palm of Gabriel
Now ruſhing—now loſt in the abyſs of waters!
Such the dire ruin of the curſed city,
Falling forever.—

From Gothic midnight, and the blackeſt hell-fumes,
View lands emerging to meridian glory!—
So from wild chaos, to the faireſt order,
Roſe the creation.

Now great Emmanual's univerſal triumph
Pours joy eternal on the golden ages;
Loud hallelujahs, thro' a thouſand ſyſtems,
Breath out his glory!

CHARITY.

13th Chapter, 1ſt Corinthians, verſified.

THO' I enraptured wake the unrivall'd lyre,
Warm'd with the Muſe's or a ſeraph's fire,
In various tongues ſublimeſt wonders tell,
Deſcribe the joys of heaven, the woes of hell—
Tho' I the lofty heights of ſcience gain,
And art's and nature's myſterics explain:
Tho' ſkill'd profoundly in prophetic lore,
With piercing ken futurity explore:
Tho' I have faith ſufficient to ſuſtain
And hurl the ponderous mountain to the main—
Devoid of Charity, I ſhall be found,
Vain as a ſhadow, empty as a ſound.
Were I poſſeſſed of affluent India's ſtore,
And unreſerv'd diſpenſe it to the poor:
Tho' I reſign my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's or a hero's name:
While ſelfiſh motives actuate my ſoul,
And every nobler ſentiment controul,
Void of benevolence, I ſtill remain
As nothing empty, as a ſhadow vain.
Celeſtial Charity, ſupremely kind,
Illumes, expands, and animates the mind,
To noble and diſintereſted deeds,
Allures to holineſs, to glory leads,
Diſdains each ſelfiſh and contracted plan,
And ſeeks the general happineſs of man;
Unenvied views the ſplendors of the great,
And honors merit in the humbleſt ſtate;
On human frailties caſts a pitying eye,
And heaves with woe the ſympathetic ſigh;
Weighs variant tenets with an equal ſcale,
Exulting ſees o'er error, truth prevail;
With priſtine beauty reinſtamps the ſoul,
Pervades each paſſion, and ſublimes the whole;
Diſpels each vile affection from the breaſt,
And opes the regions of eternal reſt
To every nation, and to every ſect
Who fear Jehovah, and his name reſpect.
Calm reſignation on her votaries waits,
To ſmooth the rugged paths of adverſe fates;
And patience mild, diſpenſing as ſhe goes,
Her lenient balm amid a world of woes;
And brilliant faith, each dreary ſcene that cheers,
And opes the ſeats of heaven's perennial years;
Hence ſuffering merit lifts a hopeful eye,
And views thoſe happier ſcenes beyond the ſky,
Where equity, enthroned, forever reigns;
Where endleſs pleaſures triumph o'er the plain;
Where friendſhip, love, and joy united meet,
And injured virtue finds a bleſt retreat.

Hail peerleſs virtue, lovlieſt of the train—
Fair Charity! extend thy mild domain
O'er every land, till war and diſcord ceaſe,
And every nation join in leagues of peace;
Till ſin and error from their ſeats are hurl'd,
And pure religion luminates the world.

When art, when ſcience, and prophetic lore—
When various languages are known no more—
When final ruin o'er the world extends—
When faith in viſion, hope in glory ends—
This godlike virtue Charity divine,
Thro' vaſt eternity ſhall brighter ſhine—
Awake to praiſes the celeſtial choirs,
Attune their lays, and animate their lyres.

[*U. S. Gaz.*

ADDRESS TO NATURE.

HAIL bounteous Nature! hail! Eternal Source
Of lovelineſs and harmony divine;
Still ever mingling, ever yet unchang'd!
Tho' various, pure: ſimple, though multiform;
As more admired, more admirable thou art;
More ſought, ſtill ever to be ſought the more,
And newer as more known. So vaſt thy works!
Great Being riſe; Unfold each latent charm
In all thy pomp, thy ſplendid majeſty;
Thy matchleſs grace! and wave thy magic wand,
And call around thee viſionary forms
Deck'd in the varied tints of glorious light,
That ſtream from all thy countleſs rays, of green,
Of azure, purple, and refulgent gold.
Dart o'er the ſplendid fields of luſtrous air;
With gay perſpective fill the aſtoniſh'd gaze,
And ſtrew fair FLORA*'s lap with million dyes,*
Bid all thy ſhapes of raviſhment appear,
And wake the kindling ſoul; that rais'd by thee,
We hence our God and thine may all adore;
And join our earthly ſongs to raptured hymns:
Sweet as bleſt ſeraphs on their golden harps,
Unceaſing ſound before his awful throne.

AN ADDRESS TO FLORIO.

GO, perjur'd youth, go, quit thy native land,
Explore the deep, and light upon the ſtrand;
Where'er you go, whatever be your fate,
Know that I bear you my invet'rate hate.
Tho' once, I own, I felt the flame of love,
That angels, viewing might themſelves approve;
A love ſincere, like that which *Juliet* bore
Her faithful *Romeo*, in days of yore.
I thought your heart, devotedly ſincere,
Would ſtill be conſtant each revolving year:
Thoſe vows you made, in yonder ſhady groves,
Where birds in echo chirp'd our mutual loves,
Muſt fill your ſoul with dire remorſe and guilt,
Thoſe vows on which my future hopes were built.
With ceaſeleſs care you ſtrove my heart to gain,
Till I, at lenght, confeſs'd the pleaſing pain.
Credulity, methinks, was all my crime,
Fool! to devote to you my miſpent time;
But heaven be prais'd, I view without diſguiſe,
Your vile deceit; and as I view, deſpiſe.
May heaven forgive you, when you graſp for breath,
And pray for mercy, in the hour of death.
Yet ere that time may nought but grief and woe
Attend your ſteps, where'er you chance to go.
Should fate ordain that ſuch a wretch ſhould wed,
May howling furies watch the bridal bed;
No bliſs await your matrimonial life;
May your lov'd partner prove a faithleſs wife,
Leave you dejected, (with a villain roam)
In cheerleſs want to deprecate your doom.
In ſuch a ſcene may no kind friend be near,
T' aſſuage your grief, or drop a kindred tear,
May you, forlorn, dejected, old and poor,
A life of want and miſery endure.
But hark! what diſtant murmur meets the ear?
My guardian ſylph! I ſee her hovering near.
Celeſtial ſpright! on airy pinions borne,
On what important errand art thou come?
She ſpoke: "To avenge your ſexes' wrong I come
Then hear the wretch's laſt and final doom.
I, who have curl'd your hair, to add a grace
To that already but too charming face,
Adjuſt your ſmiles, and every feature ſcan,
To make impreſſion on unguarded man,
See that my arts did unſucceſsful prove,
Since *Florio* is a traitor to your love,
I've ſcann'd it well, I've ſeiz'd the deſp'rate plan,
To vent my fury on this faithleſs man.
That baſe, vain wretch, who dar'd deſpiſe your charms,
Ne'er ſhall find ſolace in another's arms;
But, friendleſs and alone, through H—'s plains,
Where nought but horror and confuſion reigns—
With ſavage Tigers and fierce beaſts of prey,
Shall prowl by night and ſhun the light of day;
In *Lake Champlain*, an Iſle, for ſerpents fam'd,
Riſes to view—*Academanthus* nam'd—
No human being ever dar'd t' explore,
Or land for ſhelter on th' infeſted ſhore;
For pois'nous ſnakes inhabit every place,
And a fierce king commands the hiſſing race—
There ſhall relentleſs fate the villain toſs,
And hurl him headlong on the ſoaky coaſt.
With inward joy they view a kindred ſoul,
Confeſs his right to have the whole control,
Yielding the viper'd ſceptre to his hand,
Replete with pride, he takes th' entire command."

(*Amherſt Cab*.) HERMOINE.

For a tablet on the banks of a ſtream.

STRANGER! awhile upon this moſſy bank
Recline thee. If the ſun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool ſound
Of running waters ſoothe thee. Mark how clear
It ſparkles o'er the ſhallows, and behold
Where o'er its ſurface wheels with reſtleſs ſpeed
Yon gloſſy inſect, on the ſand below
How the ſwift ſhadow flies. The ſtream is pure
In ſolitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its courſe and drinks the vital wave:
But paſſing on amid the haunts of man,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'ſt thou for Happineſs?
Go Stranger, ſojourn in the woodland cot
Of Innocence, and thou ſhalt find her there.

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